

affective variation

there are some days i fail to meet the mark
and like a dull reflection in a pewter dish
i ape and imitate
never to initiate
and conversation's interplay
nears monologue through me
as i stumble for a 'yes' or 'no'
and offer platitudes.
there are some days i fail to cut the grade
and when i talk of 'grade' and 'mark'
i talk of Psyche preened and sleek
beguiling some but mostly me
i do not talk of social climbing
or of etiquette and grace
i just compare myself to how i am
when things go right.
but who am i to say i pass or fail
when they are asked (and i've asked)
those with whom i interact
report scant difference
betwixt state (a) and state (b)
- perhaps it's but subjective mood
that alternates between gradations -
though makes me feel that i am all or nothing.